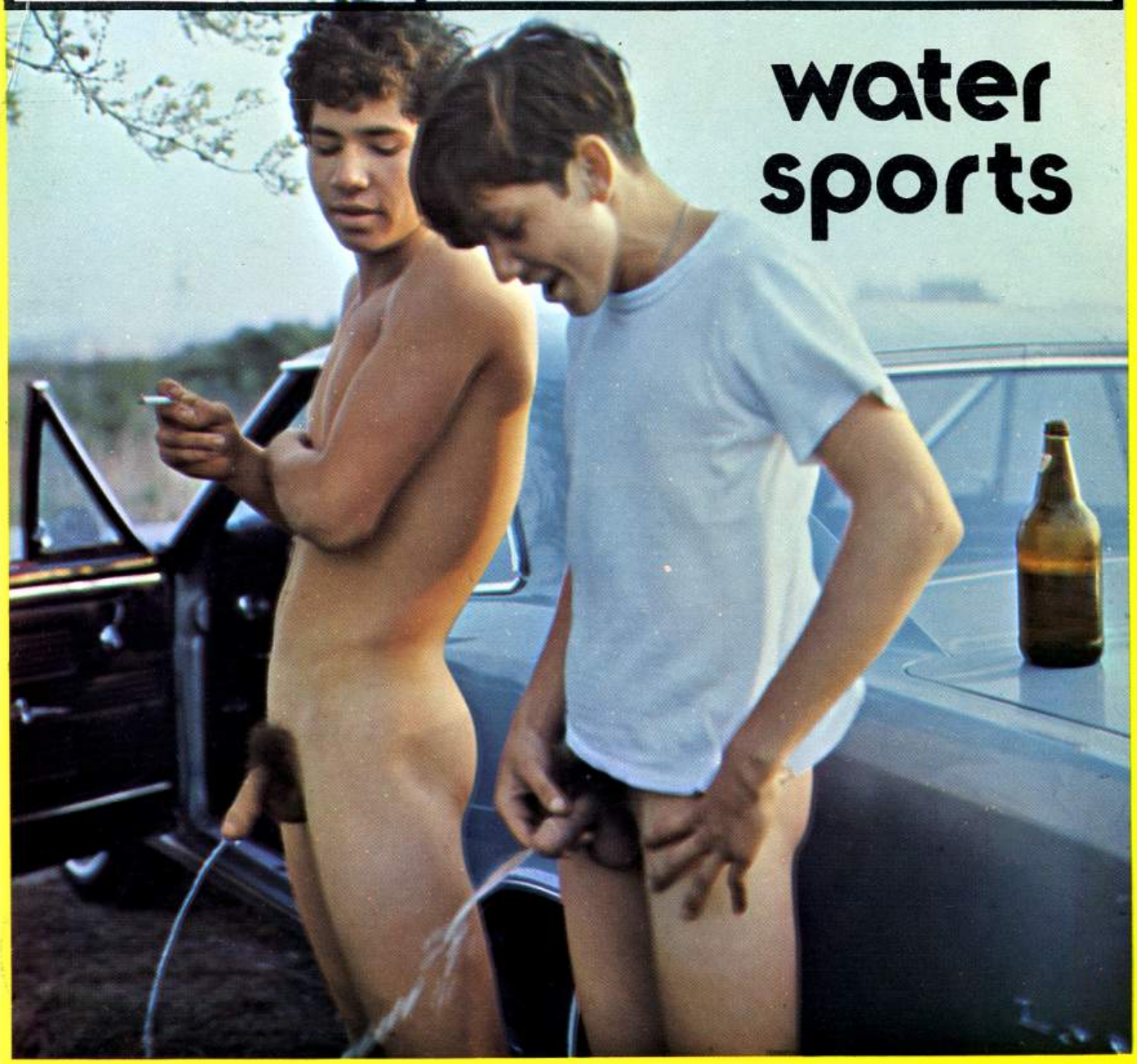
YOUNG MEN ✱ ✱ LOADED WITH ACTION



water sports

Head Masters

adults only

$10.00

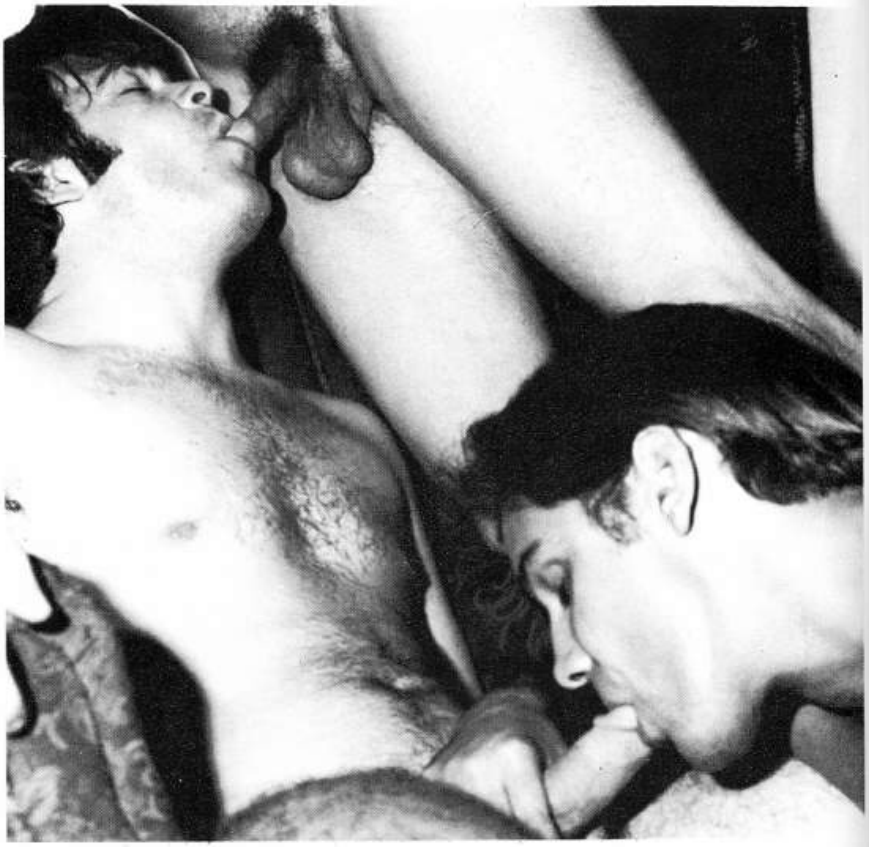
GET'EM WHILE THEY'RE HOT

I'd never smoked a joint before. Not before that first night I spent at Steve's. Most of my friends played around with that kind of stuff, but I'd managed to avoid it somehow. Not that I was afraid or anything. I just wasn't sure, that's all.

Linda and I busted up a couple of weeks ago. Almost two years we'd been together. Since we never actually got married, there wasn't much to breaking up except moving outta the apartment. First thing I thought of was calling Steve. He'd just moved into the city a few months back, and I knew he was still living alone. All through college he lived alone. Had a whole dorm room to himself. I was glad when he moved into town. It's all right having a chick around and settling down. But it's good to have a buddy around too. Steve and I had been pretty close in school. And we'd managed to spend a little time together even after we graduated.

So I gave him a call. If I'd known where things would lead, maybe I wouldn't have. Or what the hell—maybe I would. It really wasn't as bad as all that, after all. I guess I was pretty shocked by the whole thing. Especially Steve. I'd have never thought that about him in a million years.

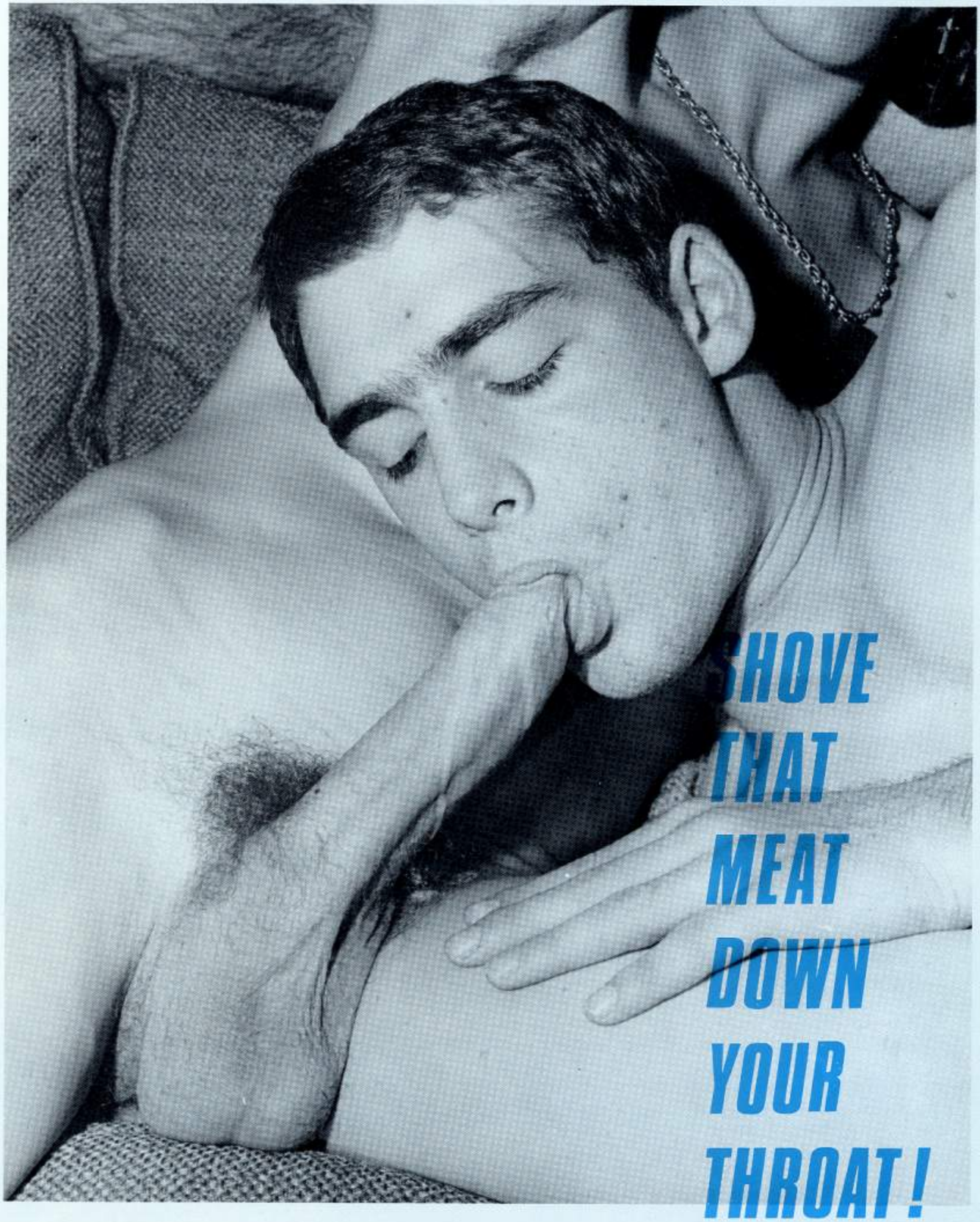
He told me to come on over and bring my things. Said he'd been kinda lonely since he'd been in the city. That wasn't like him at all, being lonely. But I didn't think anything of it at all. I was just glad to have a place to sleep that night.



I didn't realize his place was so small til I got over there. There was just one bedroom, with a bed barely big enough for two. I just figured I'd bunk on the sofa, but Steve insisted there was enough room on the bed.

That first night was really strange. It was the first time I'd been away from Linda in a long time, and I suppose I was beginning to have doubts about splitting up with her. But Steve did everything he could to make me feel at home. I have to admit he's a damned good cook. After a big supper, we went into the living room to watch a little television. I was watching some asshole show with my mind a million miles off, and Steve was looking through a magazine. When he was finished, he tossed the magazine in my lap. "Get a look at that," he said. The page was open to a cute little blond bitch, naked as the day she was born, and her damn legs spread open so's you could see right up her cunt.

It didn't take long before I found myself with a rip-roarin' hard on. Steve just kinda sat there, watching me work myself up. I felt a little foolish when he caught me squeezin' my bone. But he just smiled at me, sort of a shit-eatin' grin. I don't know what made me look, but I glanced right down at his crotch. The magazine had evidently affected him the same way it had me. That big lump in his crotch showed me for sure I wasn't the only one gettin' horny.


SHOVE
THAT
MEAT
DOWN
YOUR
THROAT!

"From the looks of things, you better put that magazine down and cool off a little," Steve said to me. I didn't know for sure what he meant by "from the looks of things" . . . unless he was sitting there staring at my crotch. I realized later that that was exactly what he'd been doing.

I tossed the magazine onto the coffee table and tried to act nonchalent about the whole thing. "That magazine gets me hotter 'n hell," Steve said.

"Yeah, I know what you mean," I replied. I didn't really want to discuss it any more, but it seemed as if Steve wanted to get into it.

"You miss Linda?" he asked. I suppose it was obvious that my mind was somewhere else the entire evening. "I sure do," I replied, knowing I couldn't lie to him and get away with it.

"I know what you mean. I hadn't had a good piece since I moved to this damned place." The fact that I missed Linda didn't necessarily mean I missed her cunt. But I went along with him.

"I'm about to go nuts," he continued. "I hadn't got a load off my balls in weeks." His conversation was getting a little rank, but it excited me in a strange sort of way. For Steve not to get his nuts off was really something. He always had chicks hanging all over him back when we were in school. I couldn't understand why he was having any difficulty now.

"Maybe you better pound it out," I said. "Better than havin' sore nuts."

"Mind if I do?" he asked. His hand went immediately to his crotch and gripped the huge lump that swelled up there. I guess I was stunned by it all. I hadn't actually meant for him to do it here, and now. But there he was, opening his fly and sticking his hand inside his dungarees. I couldn't believe it. I thought he was joking and prepared myself to laugh whenever the joke stopped. But it didn't stop.

As I sat there watching, he pulled the thick stiff rod out of his pants and squeezed it with his fist. The head gorged with blood and sort of blossomed out like a flower. I was amazed at the size of it, and realized that all these years I knew him, I'd never seen his meat.

There was a sort of grin on his face as he bent his hard cock down, pointing it straight at me. "Man, that feels good," he said. "I'd give anything to have a nice juicy hole to slip this in." I was mesmerized by it. I guess I just sat there staring at his cock while he pumped it with his fist. I'd never seen a guy beat himself off before, and the lewdness excited me. He was so cool and nonchalent about it, I felt a little foolish about getting all uptight.

"Take yours out, man," he said. "Whip off with me." I guess my face registered my surprise and embarrassment. Before I knew what was happening, Steve's hand was fumbling around in my crotch, tugging at my dungarees. The sheer

fascination and perversity kept me from restraining him. I just sat there beside him on the sofa and let him take my prick out. I was hot and hard, and ready to go. There was already stuff oozing out of the hole when he finally got it out.

We sat for what seemed like a long while, Steve jacking himself off and stroking my cock in the same steady rhythm. "Feel good?" he kept asking. I couldn't look him straight in the eye, but I nodded that it did. And I wasn't lying. I felt like I could shoot any minute.

Then all of a sudden he pushed me back onto my back and crawled down between my legs. He got his face down real close to my prick, and the next thing I knew, he was shoving it all the way down his throat. I couldn't believe what was happening! My best friend Steve, down there sucking my cock! It felt absolutely incredible. He used his tongue on the head, and his fist on the shaft, making my hot nuts ache to the explosive level.

He took just enough time to strip my clothes off, stepped out of his own, and then dropped back down on his knees again. He started lickin' my balls and working his tongue down toward my asshole, stroking his own cock the whole time. It didn't take long til I'd had all I could stand. He started gobblin' on the head again and sticking one of his fingers down by my asshole, and that's all it took. I grabbed his head and shoved it hard down on my cock, shoving the whole thing down his throat til he gagged on it. Then, letting out a heavy sigh of relief, I poured a gallon of cum out of my balls and into his mouth. Thick white bolts of hot cum gushed out of my cock, filling his mouth til it overflowed and spilled down onto my balls. My body was in spasms of pure pleasure.

When I'd had a few minutes to cool off, I couldn't believe my ears when Steve said, "Come on in the bedroom. I wanna feel that meat up my ass!" He stood up and pulled me up by the hand. I followed him to the bedroom, my still-hard dick sticking straight out in front of me, as though unable to exert any will of my own. I guess I just didn't want to refuse. The whole thing excited me in a strange, twisted way. And the idea of fucking my buddy in the ass kept my cock hard as a rock.

When we got to the bed, Steve fell across the bed on his stomach and spread his cheeks for me. "Come on, baby. Shove that hot dick in my ass!"

As though it were the most natural thing on earth, I mounted his ass like I used to do Linda so many times, and aimed my stiff dick at his hole. It was still pretty wet from the tonguing he'd given me, so I had no trouble getting it in. The head popped in. Then, with a hard thrust I sent the entire length plowing up his tight, gripping asshole. I'll never forget it as long as I live. How hot and tight it was! What a great fuck! I shot

another load up his ass that made the first one look sick. And he loved every minute of it. Even though it seemed to hurt him, I later saw that he'd shot a thick load all over the sheets while I was fuckin' him.

I stayed on with Steve about three weeks before Linda and I patched things up. And every night for three weeks I fucked his ass and face like you wouldn't believe . . . making up for all those years in college I could have been gettin' a nice piece of ass.

From his bedroom upstairs, David heard the car screach into the driveway and come to a stop. He knew that any moment Mister Hanson, master of all Hanson properties in the region, would soon be coming up the stairs, calling for assistance. He dreaded leaving the warmth and comfort of his bed, but hurried to throw on a nightshirt. One thing he'd learned many years ago when first he came into Hanson's service was not to keep the master waiting.

He stood waiting beside the door of his bedroom so he could be quick to answer his master's call. Almost breathlessly he waited, listening to each footstep as Hanson climbed the stairs. He half hoped the footsteps would continue past his door and disappear down the hall so he might return to his sleep.

Even before Hanson reached his room, he began calling the boy's name. David could hear his name echoing off the stone hallways, the deep booming voice sounding urgent, insistent.

"David! David! Where the hell are you? Come out and help me with my bath."

David flung the bedroom door open and stepped out into the hallway, just as Hanson was reaching the top of the stairs. He could see instantly his master had been drinking heavily, his huge hulking frame looking as though it might loose it's balance at any moment. His cold piercing eyes went straight through David as the young boy approached him.

When David was at his side, Hanson threw a heavy hand around his shoulder for support and headed down the hallway toward the bathroom. "Help me with my bath, David. I'm very tired tonight."

David could smell the whiskey on his breath, as he had many times before. The heaviness and warmth from the hard masculine hand drapped about his shoulder sent tingling thrills through his frail young body. Even though exhausted from the days activities and badly in need of sleep, he welcomed the opportunity to help his master.

Ever since Hanson had taken him in, David tried to show his appreciation in a hundred ways. Before being in Hanson's care, he'd known much poverty and sadness. Even though Hanson treated him roughly at times, and often abused him in ways that might shock the casual observer, his appreciation had turned to complete subservience and worship. He loved the idea of such of a big strong masculine man depending on him in so many ways. He even loved the abuses he was put through in order to relieve his master's tensions.

David knew the routine and quickly set about getting the bath ready. He tested the water to make sure the temperature was right, then helped Hanson slowly out of his clothes. The sight of each inch of bare flesh being revealed sent shivers up his spine. When stripped to his underwear,

Hanson walked over to the tub, turned his back to David, then stepped out of his underwear and flung them onto the toilet seat. He got into the tub and pulled the shower curtain, so as to allow for privacy. David longed to watch, but was never, in all these years, allowed to.

While waiting for his master to soak, David darted quickly over to the toilet seat and grabbed the soiled underwear. He knew he had to bequick so he wouldn't be caught, and clutched the sweaty garment to his face. Inhaling deeply, he took in the heavy masculine aroma in lungfulls, letting his tongue lick at the saging pouch in front where he knew his master's balls and cock had

recently been carried. Brisk curley hairs clung to his tongue as he sniffed the odor from his master's crotch. The bitter acrid smells of Hanson's huge sweaty cock made him stiff and hard with excitement.

Thinking he might have time, and finding himself eager with lust and desire, he dared to lift his nightshirt and take his stiff young cock into his fist. He wrapped the sweaty underwear around his cock and began rubbing the soft material up and down the length of his thick-meated shaft. He wanted to jerk off and shoot a hot load in his master's underwear, right in the stretched-out pouch where his cock and balls rested.

His young body trembled as his hand stroked his swollen prick. He knew he must not make any sound, not even loud breathing, for fear of being discovered.

A wave of shock gripped him as Hanson suddenly flung back the shower curtain, catching him in the act of his perverse love affair. The color drained rapidly from his face, and his knees felt weak. All he could think of was to run—to run out of the room and away from the house, to avoid having to look Hanson in the face. But his fear and embarrassment kept him frozen in his tracks. He stood motionless, breathless, waiting for Hanson to speak.

It seemed like an eternity before Hanson finally did speak. His eyes were cold and fixed, a look of surprise about his face. "Well, well," he finally said. "What a sight! What a sick, perverted sight! Jacking off in my underwear!" He sounded angry, but as he stood up suddenly in the tub, David's eyes fixed on the swollen cock that arched out lazily from Hanson's crotch. He wasn't sure if it had been that way before or after he'd been caught, but what mattered was that it was getting bigger and stiffer by the second.

"Get over here you horny little bastard." Hanson's voice sounded stern, severe. "Wash this soap off me."

David advanced meekly, dropping the underwear to the floor. He let his nightshirt cover his stiff prick, but it stuck out like a tent. "Take that off," Hanson commanded as David stepped next to the tub. But before he had a chance to do so, Hanson's huge powerful hand reached out, grabbed the front of his shirt, and ripped the entire thing from his body, leaving him naked and vulnerable before his master. Quickly he knelt down and began washing the soap from Hanson's body, hoping to hide his stiff prick in his crouched position. As soon as the soap was all washed away, Hanson gripped him at the back of his neck and said sternly, "Open your mouth, you dirty little cocksucker. I'm gonna give you just what you want."

Even in the frightening terror of that moment, David knew he'd wanted this for a long time. Hanson didn't have to force him at all. His mouth opened willingly, letting the tremendous length of hard cock plow into the tender flesh of his throat. He thrilled in the pain of his master's gigantic

THE GAME
'Clue'

cockhead slip past his lips and rub against his tongue, jabbing relentlessly at the back of his throat. He even ventured to grip Hanson's hard hairy buttocks and pull the fat stiff meat deeper into his throat.

Then suddenly Hanson pulled away. He stepped quickly out of the tub, grabbed David up into his arms, and carried him swiftly down the long corridor to the main bedroom. David clung helplessly about his neck, feeling a gigantic hard thumb probing at his young asshole as he was carried down the hall. By the time they reached the bedroom, Hanson's thumb was buried deep in David's asshole, causing his young prick to stiffen rock hard with anticipation.

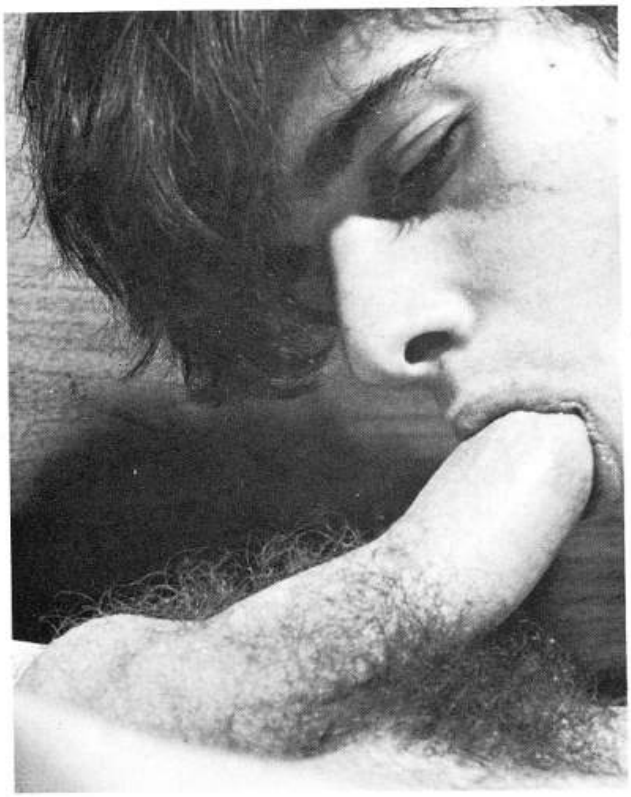
When they reached the bed, Hanson threw them both down onto the mattress. David scrambled quickly down between his hugh hairy thighs, hoping to suck him off quickly and save his tender asshole from the plunder he knew Hanson intended. But after a few moments of feasting of the dribbling tool, Hanson quickly flipped the young boy over and straddled the smooth upturned hips that looked so inviting to

his rigid, throbbing cock.

Wetting himself with a handful of spit, Hanson positioned his cockhead at the tight puckered opening of David's asshole. Then, with a hard thrust from his hips, sent his raging prick all the way up the hot virgin ass. David screamed out in pain, but felt at the same time his boiling seed erupting from his balls. He could feel the gooy wetness between his body and the sheets and Hanson plowed into his asshole, fucking the cum right out of him.

"You've been wanting this for a long time, you little fucker," Hanson said, his breath coming in hard gasps. "I've known for a long time you wanted my meat up your ass. Well, get ready for a hot load, baby. I'm gonna shoot a wad in you you'll never get rid of."

The pain seemed unbearable, but David loved every minute of it as he felt his master empty his balls into his bowels. He'd wanted it for a long time, just like Hanson said. And now he was getting it, every inch of it, deep in his ass, taking every drop of hot creamy cum . . . the ultimate service he could give his beloved master.



It's not easy livin' on the streets. Especially if you get into drugs at all. You spend your whole fuckin' day just fightin' for survival. Gets to where you'll do anything for money. Rob old ladies in the park, catch people in the hallway, peddle stolen goods on the street, anything. I even sold my cock once.

I saw this kid coming down the street, looking like some dude in town for the weekend, trying to find a little activity. Looked like he had a little bread, so's I go over an ask him if he wants any grass, maybe some hash. He stutters around for a few minutes, then tells me he'll give me five bucks if I come up to his room for a few minutes. I figured, what the hell. So I followed him to this real dingy shithole where he was stayin' for the weekend. First thing you know, he wants to eat my dick. I kinda figured that's what he had on his mind, so I just flopped it out and let him go at it. What the hell; five bucks.

I never seen anything like it in all my life. He dropped down on his knees like some hungry damned animal, sucking on my balls, lickin' around my asshole. He's just a kid, ya know. But he sure knows what to do with a guy's cock. I never had no girl do a job like that for me. He used his tongue and his hands—pulled on my nuts while he's eatin' that meat. Even tried to get his

finger up my asshole, but I made him back off from that. Ain't no son-of-a-bitch gonna stick his finger up my asshole.

I knew he liked it, the way he was slobberin' around all over me. I just held his head real tight and sorta fucked him in the face. I pumped that thing down his throat . . . damned near gagged him to death. Kept jerkin' himself off the whole time he was workin' on my tool.

When it came time for me to shoot, I yanked my cock out and shot a wad all over his face. You should've seen that little prick, pushin' that cum in his mouth with his fingers. Can you believe that! He actually swallowed that shit. He came the same time I did. I could see his damned ole prick squirtin' that shit all over my leg. Made him clean it off with his shirt. I don't know. Seems kinda wasteful, letting' some queer get a good load like that. But what the hell. Five bucks. What the hell. Ya gotta have bread to live. Maybe I'll jerk off in a jar and sell it on the street. Five bucks a load. Figure I can make fifteen-twenty bucks a day. What the hell.

COME BLOW ME

Jon just had to look at the picture one more time. His prick was throbbing in his tightly clenched fist. He gave it a few hard, slow, full-shaft strokes. The rigid, red mushroom head glowed with heat like it was on fire. He knew he'd better lay off for a while. He was ready to shoot at any second. Jon practically had to tear his hand away. That picture of the beautiful dark young Adonis in the fuck book he'd just bought kept pulling him back. Jon ordinarily wasn't even interested in pictures like this. He happened to flip casually through this one when he went into the local bookstore to pick up a TV Guide. It was very convenient, even adult bookstores carried them and there was just such a bookshop on the corner from Jon's apartment building.

Jon wasn't ready for what he saw in the book. He'd never seen a boy so beautiful, exactly his type! He stopped cold. He began to tremble. His cock sprang up almost at once in his pants, pressing against the tight fabric. Jon still couldn't believe he was getting this turned on by a book. It had never happened before, at least not like this. He had seen pictures of guys he thought were cute but this was a total sexual experience by itself! He quickly added it to the TV Guide and bought them both.

He got back to his apartment and ripped open the sack, tossing the other magazine aside. Now, he was sitting alone with a book of pictures of the most perfect person he'd ever seen. Those strange sensations were racing through him. It was like he wasn't alone. The color pictures of his dream boy seemed just too real. He closed his eyes and let his fist slide down the shaft of his rigid prick again. He was really ready. He took another quick look to burn the vision of his paper lover in his brain. He was ready to shoot now. His mind's eye saw the perfect, beautiful boy coming closer and closer, that gleaming muscular body was almost close enough to touch.

Jon wanted it, he wanted it to come closer so he could reach out and stroke that glorious, hard prick. He wanted to take it in his hand and move the skin back and forth until it shot out its white, sticky, hot love. The boy in his head looked like he was getting that close but Jon still couldn't reach him. Jon was moving his hand faster and faster up and down his own hard dick. His own cum was bubbling up in his balls like liquid fire. He couldn't hold off any longer. He had to cut it loose. It was just starting. Any second now he'd spurt out his hot load all over himself. Any second now!

The doorbell suddenly jangled, startling his jizz right back down his cum tube and right back into his aching balls. For a fast second he thought about not even answering it, continue jacking-off, pop his nuts and pretend he wasn't even home. The bell loudly insisted, however, again and again. Jon grumbled and stuffed the drooling cock back in his pants. He hobbled to the door, trying to hold the stiff prick down in his tight pant leg with his hand. He got to the door and, without opening it, yelled out, "What is it? What do you want?"

"I'm from building maintenance, downstairs."

Jon whipped the door open with a swift jerk. He nearly sank right through the floor. His cock thudded against his leg, dripping its love juice in big drools down all over the front of his pants. There he stood! RIGHT THERE! There in his own doorway was his dream boy!! It was the same one! It was exactly the same boy in the fuck book he'd just bought. AND . . . he worked right here in Jon's building! Jon could hardly breathe. His heart was racing. His throat went so dry he was just sure he wouldn't be able to speak. Finally, he barely squeaked out a question.

"Ummm . . . uhhh . . . HELLO . . . I mean . . . uhg . . . can . . . can I help you . . . or . . . er . . . what can I do to . . . uh . . . for you?"

A brilliant smile lit up the young man's face. Jon felt his knees sag.

"Hi there. I'm Paul and you called the maintenance office about some trouble with your bathroom light."

He stood, waiting. There was no reply from Jon. He smiled and started all over again. Jon finally snapped to.

"Oh . . . yes . . . so I did! What did . . . oh . . . but . . . where's the other guy? Are you new?"

"Sure am. I just started this week."

"Oh, I . . . see. WELL . . . well . . . hi there, I'm Jon."

Another bright, amused smile.

"Pleased to meet you. Again, I'm Paul. Again, about that light."

"Oh yes. I'm sorry . . . I'd completely forgotten that light. Let's see . . . the bathroom is right through there. The light just goes on and off all by itself. Yeah . . . that way. You don't even have to touch the switch. . . ."

Paul shot Jon back a final smile before disappearing into the bathroom leaving Jon dribbling out his last few words. Jon stayed rooted to the spot, almost unable to speak or move. He summoned up all his concentration to snap himself out of his stupor. He started after Paul, calling out, "Can I . . . uhhh . . . can I help you at all?"

"NO . . . thanks a lot . . . I can manage."

"Oh . . . okay . . . sure."

Jon, deflated slightly, returned to the couch, sagging down on it. He still just couldn't believe it. He sat on the fuck book he'd tossed down when the doorbell rang. He quickly grabbed it up and stuffed it under one of the couch pillows. Just in time, too. Paul walked back into the room.

"Now . . . that wasn't too bad. It's a short in the switch. I'll have to pick up a new one and install it tomorrow. Okay?"

"YEAH . . . sure . . . that's fine. Thanks."

"You're welcome. See you in the morning."

"Yeah . . . sure . . . see you in the morning."

One more bright smile and he was gone. Jon could only sit there. He made sure he heard the door close firmly before pulling the magazine out from under the pillow. He pulled his pants open so fast he tore the zipper. His hard, ready cock sprang out, demanding release. He quickly clenched his fist around it, working it up and down as fast as he could. He stared at a full-color picture of the beautiful Paul shooting a big hot load of cum all over himself. Jon closed his eyes, clenched his teeth and, dropping his head back, tensed himself against the sofa, ready to shoot off. He was grunting, calling out, "Paul . . . Paul . . . Paul," in low, lust-filled tones.

Someone, not more than a couple of feet away, cleared his throat. Jon froze. He looked up. There standing right over him was the boy whose name he'd been calling out. All he could do was smile a sick, sheepish smile at the maintenance man. Paul just continued to stand there staring. He looked confused. Finally, he tried to quickly explain.

"Look . . . wow, man, I'm really sorry . . . I just came back to tell you not to use that switch until I fixed it. I just thought. . . ."

Jon broke in.

"Hey . . . you have to understand . . . I've really been horny all day, so I just. . . ."

They ended up explaining at the same time. Then, one long look at each other and they broke into a big, hearty laugh. Paul was quick to assure Jon that he, too, jacked-off a lot, and that it sure wasn't anything to be ashamed of. He slyly added that he would a lot rather be taken care of by someone else, though. Jon looked up and realized that Paul was stroking his own hard prick through his Levi's. It was poking out, throbbing against the material. He gave it a hard squeeze through his pants. Jon's jaw dropped open at the thought of seeing that huge, hard, beautiful cock in the flesh. Paul sat next to him on the couch, still massaging his stiff fuck rod through his pants. He picked up the fuck book. His mouth fell open and he shot a quick, hard look at Jon.

"You . . . knew! When I first came in here! YOU KNEW . . . THEN!"

Jon dropped his eyes. He could only nod out a yes. Suddenly, Paul broke into a big, friendly laugh.

"Hell . . . no wonder you were so turned on! I was so fuckin' hot when we did these pictures I shot off three times without pausing! Say . . . look . . . I still get turned on just looking at them and remembering!"

With a quick move Paul unzipped his Levi's and pulled out his big stiffer. He ran his hand down it, moaning. Jon scooted over closer so he could get a better look at that cock in the flesh. Paul closed his hand around it and moaned again.

"UUUHHHGGG . . . I'm ready to cum RIGHT NOW! You wanna

jack on it for me? Go on . . . I don't mind. I love havin' someone work a good hand on the old tool. It was me you were callin' out to, wasn't it?"

Jon quickly took a fistful of the hot fuck meat. He was just too excited to be embarrassed at what Paul had heard. He ran his other hand over Paul's muscular thigh. Paul moaned and humped forward. Jon moved his hands even faster. Paul grabbed him by the head and forced the boy's lips down, touching his prick.

"SUCK IT! SUCK MY COCK . . . you know you want to. . . ."

Paul pulled the boy up to him, ran a deep kiss in his open mouth, then pressed him back down to the drooling cock. Jon quickly slipped to his knees on the floor. He kicked off his own pants and practically tore off Paul's Levi's, immediately going to work on the throbbing rod in front of his hungry, wanting eyes. Jon could tell Paul was close. The big dick was vibrating against his tongue.

Paul abruptly pushed him back, telling Jon he didn't want to cum yet. He grabbed Jon up by the waist, aiming Jon's own drooling cock at his open mouth. Paul took it in, working in long, hard strokes. Jon was just too close, still, and stopped him after only a few deep sucks. They decided to rest and make it last as long as

possible. Jon began tenderly fondling Paul's chest with his lips, stopping to nibble on one of his hard nipples. He slid back down to the huge stiff cock and was soon back to his hot-mouthed work on it. Paul swung around, so he could work on Jon at the same time.

Jon's face was right in Paul's brown pucker hole. He let his tongue slide up the rigid cum vein and rammed it deep in the hot moist asshole. He'd found Paul's weak spot. Paul groaned and rammed his hips back to accept that wild tongueing.

"RIM ME . . . D O I T!! Suck my ass clean, man . . . I L O V E I T!! Suckmyass . . . sucksucksuck . . . MORE . . . USE YOUR C O C K! Ram it ALL THE WAY IN! Fuck me . . . F U C K M E!!"

Jon pulled himself up on Paul's back. But there just wasn't room on the narrow couch. They fell on the floor. Jon gasped at Paul to help him. They quickly folded the couch out, converting it into a bed. Jon fell back over it, pulling Paul with him. He pushed the dark, handsome guy to his knees, mounted him and shoved his aching cock deep into the young, open, willing asshole. He almost went off on the first stroke. He pushed all the way in, holding very still so his quivering cock wouldn't explode.

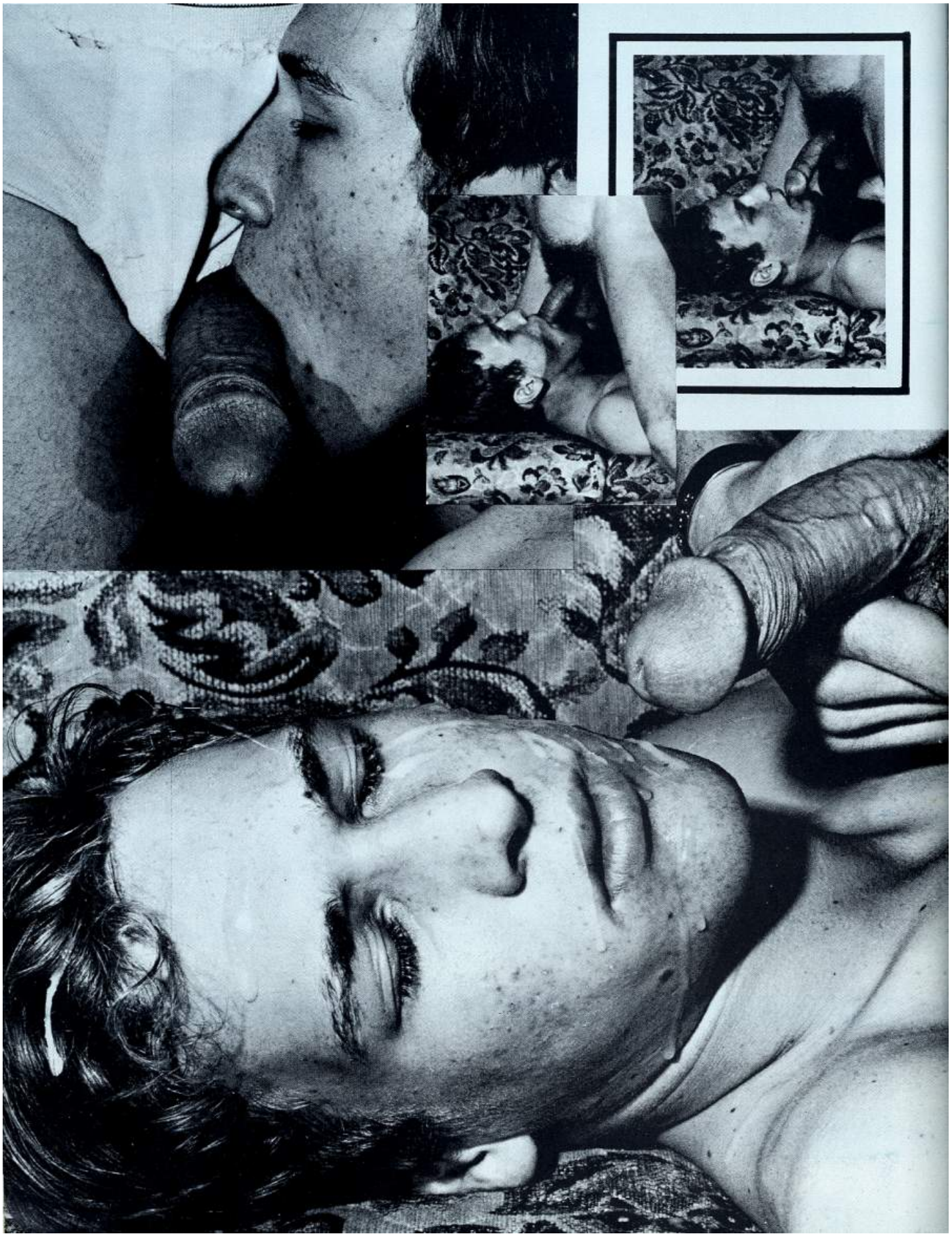
Paul let Jon's trembling subside, then quickly traded places with

him. A few strokes were all Jon could take. Paul was trying to excite him even more by fucking him but Jon was crying out. The pain was just more than he could endure. He'd never really enjoyed getting fucked. The only reason he hadn't stopped Paul was that he wanted to please him. Finally, he just couldn't take it and pleaded with the husky maintenance man to stop. Paul withdrew and Jon rolled over and took the big hard cock in his fist to pull it up to his face. He didn't realize that Paul was so close to cumming. Paul was holding his dick in an iron grip to hold off his impending cum explosion. Jon ran his tongue up under the hot boy's balls. That was it for Paul. He grunted, humped forward and shot a huge hot load out over Jon's face.

That hot cum dripping down his face really caused Jon's nuts to crack. He grabbed Paul by the shoulders and pressed him backwards, trying to lodge his ready hard prick back in the tight, hot asshole, while jutting his hips forward to meet those butt cheeks. It was too late. His cock rammed against the firm, muscular ass and blasted its load all over Paul's cheeks and back.

It took a long time for them to recover their senses. Jon asked if anyone would miss him from work. Paul told him that he needn't worry, he'd tell them that the switch took a long time. As they headed in to the bathroom to clean up, Jon tossed the fuck book into the trash basket. Paul looked at him strangely, then asked why he'd done that. Jon smiled, before reaching out and stroking Paul's big cock.

"I don't need pictures. I have the real thing. Anytime I want it all I have to do is just break something in my apartment and call maintenance. You can bet your ass I'm sure going to learn to break things!"



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